

Universal Death Ring

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Sharif was there. After an Odyssey. After another odyssey.

After another odyssey like any other, “What distinguished one from the other?”; Sharif now wondered.

And he wondered, because he knew. Because he had finally found it.

He was deep in a cave, as might be in an open bay, as well as the top of a high mountain.

He had followed legends, yes that, a legend, with a high name. Perhaps it had been an old map, or even rumors of beggars.

But the important thing is that he had found it, and not only that, daredevil, character and narrator, he made the decision to wear it without the slightest hint of doubt.

At last he was hers; The Universal Death Ring. It had, as its name indicated, a ring shape, and it took at the same time all or any of the elements that can symbolize death: dark gray or black, lugubrious colors, settings of various bones or sometimes fossilized blood.

But he had already made his decision, and it was irreversible: from that point on, all the stories would speak, if one looked deeply enough —the one that the Ring itself granted—, of the same underlying question.

You could always identify any character with its author, and this, when the time comes, to a greater or lesser extent with you.

All the arguments would share enough features in common to resemble each other.

Regarding the endings, you could see the universality of them, that is, that once reached, you cannot go back. But we will come back to this later.